THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 20, 1809.

Harvesting Hay and Corn in Wet Weather.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine, for February, 1809.]

Banbury, January 31.

IN these awful times, when every port in Europe and America, from whence a supply of grain could be derived, is shut against us—when it has been demonstrated that our increasing population requires a supply far exceeding the average growth of corn in this country—when we consider the uncertainty of seasons, the scarcity (almost approaching to famine) we have so recently experienced—it behoves us to embrace every means of husbanding and securing the resources we possess.

One of the most effectual measures for this purpose has, I conceive, been too little regarded, and consists in the obvious necessity, always existing, that the growing crops should in all seasons be housed and secured with the least possible loss.

Bred up among farmers, having had much practical knowledge of rural economy, and maintaining through life a continued intercourse with that class of society, I can speak with some confidence on the subject.

By a calculation which seems pretty accurate, it appears, that, upon an average of good and bad seasons, about one tenth of the whole produce of grain in Great-Britain is totally spoiled by bad harvest weather and other accidents at the time, or at least so greatly damaged as to be unfit for general use. Also, that about one sixth of the said total produce is partially damaged or injured more or less. In Scotland the average loss and damage is much more. Thus, supposing the

population of England and Scotland to be ten millions, and the produce of grain equal to the consumption, food for more than 1,000,000 of souls is annually lost to the country! Even diminishing this loss one half, 500,000 persons are deprived of bread by this calamity. An alarming evil!

It is now nearly 19 months since I offered to publish my discovery of a method of harvesting corn and hay in wet weather; a method so easy and practical as to be within reach of every grower of corn and hay, and which would be attended with little, if any, additional expence; and, at the same time, so effectual, that, with common care and attention, no corn or hay could in future be damaged or spoilt during harvest. (See Agricultural Mag. July, 1807, cover.)

Though I have been highly honoured by the notice and support of many noble and highly-respectable individuals, yet the apathy and indifference with which the offer has been received by the public in general, would evince the necessity (which has often been acknowledged) of re-iterated appeals, on some occasions, to awaken mankind to a sense of their own interest, when not thoroughly understood. My method I have explained and demonstrated to several persons of great consideration, who are themselves growers of hay and corn, and who have no doubt of its efficiency for the purposes intended; but who think that the trouble and expence incurred in perfecting a plan likely to prove so beneficial to the community should receive some remuneration.

It has been said by some, "Why do you not publish your discovery without stipulation, and trust to the gratitude of the public for reward, as Dr. Jenner has done?" But the cases are not similar; and if they were, there is little probability, I fear, of a like support from those who might afford it. Dr. Jenner disseminated a fact already well known to hundreds in this and other countries, that the cow-pox is a preventative of a worse disease, and extended its usefulness by the medium of inoculation. He deserved, and has received his reward. Could he fail, patronized and praised as he was, even by prime ministers themselves? Yet what difficulties did he not encounter! What clamours have been raised against his highly beneficial discovery, by ignorance, prejudice, and interest! His very success might cause others to despair. He luckily escaped the fate of some other inventors of little inferior merit, who have been denied the merit and reward of their own labours, which others have claimed and enjoyed! My invention is so far similar to his; inasmuch as it is the application of well-known principles to effect a specific object. The means are in the hands of every farmer. The secret is known only to myself, and to the few individuals to whom I have communicated it.

The

The proposed object will doubtless appear to many visionary and impracticable; and so would many of our best attainments, were they now first offered to our adoption. The man who first proposed building a stone bridge over a river was probably deemed by his neighbours a fool or a madman. "To form a causeway with loose stones over a river—impossible!" And yet what production of art is so solid or durable?

I have offered, and still offer, to communicate my discovery to any respectable public body, or committee of agricultural gentlemen, who might investigate its merits, on receiving a sufficient guarantee to prevent a premature disclosure. Experience has convinced me, that my imparting the subject to individuals would avail me nothing. The opinion of an individual, however respectable, could not have sufficient weight on the public mind. It might be thought the expression of partiality or prejudice. The public has been too often deceived, not to be on its guard. It has a right to evidence, and may have it.

The high and mighty in society, whose opinions are respected, look down with too much contempt on the obscurity of common life to regard applications or statements like mine with any other than a disdainful glance; but such a society as I have mentioned might, perhaps, give a stimulus to the public mind, sufficient to effect its object.

My habits and pursuits leave me little inclination or leisure for public discussions; but any application or communication (franked or post-paid) will meet attention from

P. RUSHER.

"The chief merit of invention and ingenuity (says an author) consists in applying things that are known, in the most simple and judicious manner, to the most useful purposes to which they are applicable."

VILLAGE BURIALS.

[From the third Edition of Poems by the Rev. George Crabbe, LL.B.]

(Concluded from Page 212.)

NOW to the grave was Roger Cuff convey'd,
And strong resentment's lingering spirit laid.
Shipwreck'd in youth, he home return'd and found
His brethren three, and thrice they wish'd him drown'd.
"Is this a landman's love? Be certain then,
We part for ever!" and they cried, "Amen!"

His words were truth's;—some forty summers fled,
His brethren died, his kin suppos'd him dead;
Three nephews these, one sprightly niece, and one
Less near in blood, they call'd him surly John;
He worked in woods apart from all his kind,
Fierce were his looks, and moody was his mind.
For home, the sailor now began to sigh;—
"The dogs are dead, and I'll return and die,
When all I have, my gains in years of care,
The younger Cuffs with kinder souls shall share;
Yet hold! I'm rich;—with one consent they'll say,
'You're welcome, uncle, as the flowers in May.'
No; I'll disguise me, be in tatters dress'd,
And best befriend the lads who treat me best."
Now all his kindred, neither rich or poor,
Kept the wolf want some distance from the door.
In piteous plight he knock'd at George's gate,
And begg'd for aid as he described his state;
But stern was George;—"Let them who had thee strong,
Help thee to drag thy weaken'd frame along;
To us a stranger, while your limbs would move,
From us depart, and try a stranger's love.—
Ha! do'st thou murmur?"—for in Roger's throat
Was "rascal!" rising with disdainful note.
To pious James he then his prayer address'd;
"Good lack," quoth James, "thy sorrows pierce my breast,
And had I wealth, as have my brethren twain,
One board should feed us, and one roof contain;
But plead I will thy cause, and I will pray,
And so farewell! Heaven help thee on thy way!"
"Scoundrel!" said Roger, (but apart)—and told
His case to Peter; Peter too was cold:—
"The rates are high, we have a-many poor,
But I will think,—" he said, and shut the door.
Then the gay niece, the seeming pauper press'd,—
"Turn, Nancy, turn, and view this form distrest,
Akin to thine is this declining frame,
And this poor beggar claims an uncle's name."
"Avaunt! begone! (the courteous maiden said,)
Thou vile impostor! Uncle Roger's dead;
I hate thee, beast! thy look my spirit shocks,
Oh! that I saw thee starving in the stocks!"
"My gentle niece!" he said, and sought the wood.
"I hunger, fellow; prithee, give me food!"
"Give! am I rich? This hatchet take and try
Thy proper strength, nor give those limbs the lie;
Work, feed thyself, to thine own powers appeal,
Nor whine out woes thine own right hand can heal,

And

And while that hand is thine and thine a leg,
Scorn of the proud or of the base to beg."
" Come, surly John, thy wealthy kinsman view,"
Old Roger said—" thy words are brave and true;
Come live with me, we'll vex those scoundrel-boys,
And that prim shrew shall, envying, hear our joys.
Tobacco's glorious fume, all day we'll share,
With beef and brandy kill all kinds of care,
We'll beer and biscuit on our table heap,
And rail at rascals 'till we fall asleep."
Such was their life; but when the woodman died,
His grieving kin for Roger's smiles applied,
In vain;—he shut, with stern rebuke, the door,
And dying, built a refuge for the poor;
With this restriction, That no Cuff should share
One meal, or shelter for one moment there.
My record ends;—But hark! ev'n now I hear
The bell of death, and know not whose to fear;
Our farmers all and all our hinds were well,
In no man's cottage danger seem'd to dwell;
Yet death of man proclaim these heavy chimes,
For thrice they sound, with pausing space, three times.
" Go; of my sexton seek, whose days are sped?—
What! he himself!—and is old Dibble dead?"
His eightieth year he reach'd, still undecay'd,
And rectors five to one close vault convey'd;
But he is gone, his care and skill I lose,
And gain a mournful subject for my muse;
His masters lost, he'd oft in turn deplore,
And kindly add, " Heaven grant, I lose no more!"
Yet while he spake, a sly and pleasant glance
Appear'd at variance with his complaisance,
For as he told their fate and varying worth,
He archly look'd—" I yet may bear thee forth."
" When first," he so began, " my trade I ply'd,
Good Master Addle was the parish-guide;
His clerk and sexton I beheld with fear,
His stride majestic, and his frown severe;
A noble pillar of the church he stood,
Adorn'd with college-gown and parish-hood;
Then, as he pac'd the hallow'd aisles about,
He fill'd the sevenfold surplice fairly out;
But in his pulpit wearied down with prayer,
He sat and seem'd as in his study's chair;
For while the anthem swell'd and when it ceas'd,
Th' expecting people view'd their slumbering priest;
Who dozing, died.——Our Parson Peele was next;
' I will not spare you,' was his favourite text,

Nor

Nor did he spare, but rais'd them many a pound,
Ev'n me he mulct for my poor rood of ground;
Yet car'd he nought, but with a gibing speech,
'What should I do,' quoth he, 'but what I preach?'
His piercing jokes (and he'd a plenteous store)
Were daily offer'd both to rich and poor;
His scorn, his love, in playful words he spoke,
His pity, praise, and promise, were a joke;
But tho' so young and blest with spirits high,
He died as grave as any judge could die;
The strong attack subdu'd his lively powers,
His was the grave, and Doctor Grandspear our's.

"Then were there golden times the village round,
In his abundance all appear'd t'abound;
Liberal and rich, a plenteous board he spread,
Ev'n cool dissenters at his table fed,
Who wish'd, and hop'd, and thought a man so kind,
A way to Heaven, though not their own might find;
To them, to all, he was polite and free,
Kind to the poor, and ah! most kind to me;
'Ralph,' would he say, 'Ralph Dibble, thou art old,
That doublet fit 'twill keep thee from the cold;
How does my sexton? What! the times are hard,
Drive that stout pig and pen him in thy yard.'
But most, his reverence lov'd a mirthful jest;
'Thy coat is thin; why man, thou'rt barely drest,
Its worn to th' thread! but I have nappy beer,
Clap that within, and see how they will wear.'

"Gay days were these; but they were quickly past,
When first he came, we found he cou'dn't last;
An whoreson cough (and at the fall of leaf,)
Upset him quite,—but what's the gain of grief?

"Then came the author-rector; his delight
Was all in books, to read them, or to write;
Women and men he strove alike to shun,
And hurried homeward when his tasks were done;
Courteous enough, but careless what he said,
For points of learning he reserv'd his head,
And when addressing either poor or rich,
He knew no better than his cassock which;
He, like an osier, was of pliant kind,
Erect by nature, but to bent inclin'd;
Not like a creeper falling to the ground,
Or meanly catching on the neighbours round;
Careless was he of surplice, hood, and band,
And kindly took them as they came to hand;
Nor, like the doctor, wore a world of hat,
As if he sought for dignity in that;

He

He talk'd, he gave, but not with cautious rules,
Nor turn'd from gypsies, vagabonds, or fools;
It was his nature, but they thought it whim,
And so our beaux and beauties turn'd from him;
Of questions much he wrote, profound and dark,
How spake the serpent, and where stopp'd the ark;
From what far land the queen of Sheba came,
Who Salem's priest, and what his father's name;
He made the song of songs its mysteries yield,
And revelations to the word reveal'd.
He sleeps i' the aisle,—but not a stone records
His name or fame, his actions or his words;
And truth, your reverence, when I look around,
And mark the tombs in our sepulchral ground,
(Tho' dare I not of one man's hope to doubt,)
I'd join the party who repose without.

"Next came a youth from Cambridge, and, in truth,
He was a sober and a comely youth,
He blush'd in meekness as a modest man,
And gain'd attention ere his task began;
When preaching, seldom ventur'd on reproof,
But touch'd his neighbours tenderly enough.

"Him, in his youth, a clamorous sect assail'd,
Advis'd and censur'd—flatter'd and prevail'd.
Then did he much his sober hearers vex,
Confound the simple and the sad perplex;
To a new style his reverence rashly took,
Loud grew his voice, to threat'ning swell'd his look,
Above, below, on either side, he gaz'd,
Amazing all, and most himself amaz'd;
No more he read his preachments pure and plain,
But launch'd outright, and rose and sunk again;
At times he smil'd in scorn, at times he wept,
And such sad coil with words of vengeance kept,
That our best sleepers started as they slept.

"'Conviction comes like lightning,' he would cry,
'In vain you seek it and in vain you fly;
'Tis like the rushing of the mighty wind,
Unseen its progress, but its power you find;
It strikes the child ere yet its reason wakes,
His reason fled, the ancient sire it shakes;
The proud, learn'd man, and him who loves to know
How and from whence these gusts of grace will blow,
It shuns,—but sinners in their way impedes,
And sots and harlots visits in their deeds;
Of faith and penance it supplies the place,
Assures the vilest that they live by grace,
And, without running, makes them win the race.'

" Such was the doctrine our young prophet taught,
And here conviction, there confusion wrought,
When his thin cheek assum'd a deadly hue,
And all the rose to one small spot withdrew;
They call'd it hectic; 'twas a fiery flush,
More fix'd and deeper than the maiden blush;
His paler lips the pearly teeth disclos'd,
And lab'ring lungs the length'ning speech oppos'd.
No more his span-girth shanks and quiv'ring thighs,
Upheld a body of the smaller size,
But down he sank upon his dying bed,
And gloomy crotchets fill'd his wandering head.
" 'Spite of my faith, all-saving faith,' he cried,
'I fear of worldly works, the wicked pride;
Poor as I am, degraded, abject, blind,
The good I've wrought still rankles in my mind;
My alms-deeds all and every deed I've done,
My moral-rags defile me every one;
It should not be—what say'st thou? tell me, Ralph.'
Quoth I, 'Your reverence, I believe, you're safe;
Your faith's your prop, nor have you pass'd such time,
In life's good-works as swell them to a crime.
If I of pardon for my sins were sure,
About my goodness I would rest secure.'
" Such was his end; and mine approaches fast,
I've seen my best of preachers, and my last."
He bow'd, and archly smil'd at what he said,
Civil but sly;—" And is old Dibble dead?"
Yes! he is gone, and we are going all,
Like flowers we wither, and like leaves we fall;
Here, with an infant, joyful sponsors come,
Then bear the new-made Christian to its home;
A few short years, and we behold him stand
To ask a blessing, with his bride in hand;
A few, still seeming shorter, and we hear
His widow weeping at her husband's bier.
Thus, as the months succeed, shall infants take
Their names, while parents them and us forsake;
Thus brides again and bridegrooms blithe shall kneel,
By love or law compell'd their vows to seal,
Lie I again, or one like me, explore
These simple annals of the village poor.

RIGHT *of* NOBILITY *in* POLAND.

ACCORDING to the ancient Polish laws, the circumstances constituting a noble were either the actual possession

session of a freehold estate, or the being able to prove descent from ancestors formerly possessing a freehold estate; the following of no trade, nor profession, and the being at liberty to chuse his place of abode.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 66.

TO THE EDITOR.

" *Despair*, attended with her ghastly train,
Anguish, confusion, horror, howling *pain*,
Shall at her hideous army's head advance,
And shake against his breast her bloody lance."

DRYDEN.

BEING enabled to vouch for the truth of the following curious circumstance, I shall beg you will give it a place in the Letter-Box. It was communicated to Mr. Polwhele, and appears amongst the notes of one of his volumes of " The History of Cornwall," from which I shall transcribe it verbatim.

From St. Hilary Register, 1780, October 22, Thomas Thomas, aged 37.

" This man died of mental anguish, or what is vulgarly called a broken heart. He lived in the village of Drannock, in the parish of Gwinear, 'till an unhappy event occurred which proved fatal to his peace of mind for more than eight years, and finally occasioned his death.

" He courted Elizabeth Thomas, of the same village, who was his first cousin; and it was understood that they were under a matrimonial engagement. But, in May, 1772, some little disagreement having happened between them, he, out of resentment, or from some other motive, paid great attention to another girl; and on Sunday the 31st of that month, in the afternoon, accompanied her to the methodist meeting at Wall. During their absence the discarded female, who was very beautiful in her person, but of an extremely irritable temper, took a rope, and a Common Prayer Book, in which she had folded down the 109th Psalm, and going into an adjacent field, hanged herself.

" Thomas, on his return from the meeting, enquired for Betsy, and being told she had not been seen for two or three hours, he exclaimed, ' Good God! she has destroyed herself;' which apprehension seems to shew, either that she had

threatened to commit suicide, in consequence of his desertion, or that he dreaded it, from a knowledge of the violence of her disposition. But when he saw that his fears were realized, and had read the Psalm, so full of execrations, which she had pointed out to him, he cried out 'I am ruined for ever and ever.' The very sight of the village and neighbourhood was now become insupportable, and he went to live at Marazion, hoping that a change of scene and social intercourse might expel those excruciating reflections which harrowed up his very soul, or at least render them less acute; but in this he appeared to be mistaken, for he found himself closely pursued by that evil demon

> 'Despair! whose torments no man sure
> But lovers, and the damn'd endure.'
>
> COWLEY.

To hear the 109th Psalm would petrify him with horror, and therefore he would not attend divine service on the 22d day of the month. He dreaded to go near a reading-school, lest he should hear the ill-fated lesson. Whatever misfortune befel him (and these were not a few, for he was several times hurt and even maimed in the mines where he laboured), he still attributed them all to the malevolent agency of the deceased; and thought he could find allusions to the whole in the calamitous legacy which she had bequeathed him. When he slumbered, for he knew nothing of sound sleep, the injured girl appeared to his imagination with such a countenance as she had after the rash action, and the Prayer-Book in her hand open at the hateful Psalm; and he was frequently heard to cry out 'Oh! my dear Betsy! shut the book! shut the book!' with a mind so disturbed and deranged; though he could not reasonably expect much consolation from matrimony, yet imagining that the cares of a family might draw off his thoughts from the miserable subject, by which he was harassed both by day and night, he successively paid his addresses to many girls in Marazion, but they indignantly flew from him, and with a sneer asked him whether he was desirous of bringing all the curses of the 109th Psalm on their heads? At length, however, he succeeded with one, who had less superstition and more fortitude than the rest, and he led her to St. Hilary church to be married, January 21, 1778; but on the road thither they were overtaken by a sudden and violent hurricane, such as those which not unfrequently happen in the vicinity of Mount's Bay, and he suspecting that poor Betsy rode in the whirlwind and directed the storm, was convulsed with terror, and was literally '*coupled with fear.*'

"Such

"Such is the power of conscious guilt, to impute accidental occurrences to the hand of vindictive justice, and so true is the observation of the poet,

'Judicium metuit sibi mens male conscia justum.'

"He lived long enough to have a son and a daughter, but the corrosive worm within his breast preyed upon his vitals, and at length consumed all the powers of his body, as it had long before destroyed the tranquillity of his mind, and he was released from all his pangs both mental and corporeal on Friday, October 20, 1780, and buried at St. Hilary the Sunday following during evening service. But here observe a strange coincidence of circumstances; for while the body lay in the church, to the astonishment of all the congregation, who knew that the 109th Psalm had caused his death, that very Psalm came to be read in the ordinary course!! Against this event there was more than sixty to one; and that his funeral should also happen on a Sunday at four o'clock in the afternoon, exactly corresponding to the time in which the girl destroyed herself, is another remarkable occurrence.

"It does not appear, however, that the maledictions of this Psalm were verified after his death by any ill effect on his family; for both of his children died before himself, so that they were neither fatherless nor forced to beg their bread; and his wife took care to frustrate the curse of perpetual widowhood designed for her, for on August 15, 1784, a young man brought her to St. Hilary church a second time, where she was married in a perfect calm; and though his posterity may be said to be destroyed, yet so numerous are his collateral relations that certainly the next generation will not see his name clean put out. This dreadful example of perfidious courtship made such an awful impression on the minds of the young men in the neighbourhood, that no violation of plighted faith occurred for a considerable time, and especially in the parish of St. Hilary, where this love-tragedy was best known, and where it had such an influence, that though the annual average number of marriages since the year 1754, had been only fifteen, in 1781 (the year ensuing Thomas's death) no less than forty-one couple were married!!"

Narrative of the Sufferings of the Crew of two Schooners, Part of the Squadron of General Miranda, which were taken by two Spanish Guarda-Costas, in June, 1806; *written by one of the Sufferers who made his Escape.*

TOWARDS the end of June, the lieutenant-governor of Caraccas, accompanied by four assistant officers or judges,

together with an interpreter for each officer, arrived at Porto Cavello, for the purpose of taking the examination of the prisoners. They assembled in the guard-house, within the walls of Castle St. Philip, in a large room fitted up for that purpose; in this room were placed five separate benches with desks; at one of which was seated the lieutenant-governor, with an interpreter; at the other four, each of the other judges, with an interpreter also.

The ordinary appearance of the place, together with the undignified looks of the judges, could scarcely induce the prisoners to believe, that this was the tribunal before which they were to be tried for their lives. Nor were they a little surprised, when they ascertained by the course of the proceedings, that they were to be compelled to give evidence, under oath, against themselves, and against each other; and upon this testimony alone they were to be convicted.

The judges being ready to proceed, caused five of the prisoners to be brought up in the first place. They were informed of the charges exhibited against them, viz. piracy, rebellion, and of murdering one of his catholic majesty's subjects; they were then asked to describe the manner in which oaths are administered in their own country; which having done, they were requested to lay their hands upon the Bible, and administer the oaths to themselves, agreeably to the manner in which they had been accustomed to swear.

The five prisoners were thus distributed, one to each judge, seated at his respective desk, all being in one room, and some little distance from each other.

In the middle of the floor lay a number of arms, and instruments of war, such as guns, rifles, axes, pistols, pikes, swords, and shovels; also Miranda's colours, uniform clothes, and a number of his proclamations; all which were taken from on board of the schooners.

The judges commenced their examination by their interpreters, who put the questions in English, and gave the answers to the judges; they continued to examine him for the space of four or five hours, when they were returned to the prison, and five others brought up their places. In this manner the examination proceeded for the space of two weeks before it ended.

The following were the general questions and answers, put to one of the prisoners, who has since regained his liberty.

Q. How old are you?

A. About twenty-two years.

Q. Where was you born, and where do your parents reside?

A. I was born in the state of Massachusetts; my parents reside in New York.

Q. Why did you leave New-York?

A.

A. To seek my fortune.

Q. Who engaged you to go on board of the Leander?

A. Colonel Armstrong.

Q. Where was you engaged to go?

A. To Jacmel, and from there to other places, not disclosed to me at the time of the engagement.

Q. Did you know that you was coming here?

A. No. Porto Cavello was not mentioned.

Q. Did Miranda also engage you to go on board of the Leander?

A. I did not know there was such a person until the Leander had left the port of New-York.

Q. In what capacity did you enter on board of the Leander?

A. As a printer.

Q. How came you to change that capacity, and accept of a military commission under Miranda?

A. From motives of personal convenience.

Q. Was you not a lieutenant in a rifle regiment, under Miranda, as mentioned in this paper? (shewing him a list of officers commissioned by Miranda, and which was found in the possession of one of the officers.)

A. Yes, but did not know then that I was coming to this place.

Q. At what place did you stop on your voyage?

A. At St. Domingo, and the island of Aruba.

Q. Did you not go on shore at Aruba in uniform, in company with other officers, and did you not manœuvre there for the purpose of making an attack upon the Main?

A. We manœuvred there, for the purpose of making an attack upon some place, which Miranda had in view; but what place, many of his men did not know.

Q. Did you not come to the Main for the purpose of assisting Miranda in fighting against this government, and in revolutionizing the country?

A. It was represented by Miranda, that no fighting would be necessary to effect the object, (whatever it was) he had in view.

Q. What was the real object of Miranda in coming to the Main?

A. I do not know; but understood it was to better the condition of the Spanish people.

Q. Do you know the names of any persons here, who were expected would join Miranda?

A. I do not.

Q. Were there any private signals made to you from the shore, by any persons residing here?

A. I saw none.

Q.

Q. Was the Leander boarded on her voyage by any English vessel?

A. Yes, the Cleopatra.

Q. Was there any private conversation between the commander and Miranda?

A. Yes, but what the purport of it was I do not know.

Q. Did Miranda go on board of her and stay several hours?

A. He did, he stopped one night on board.

Q. Was the Leander armed, and loaded with arms and warlike stores?

A. Yes.

Q. How many stand of arms had she on board?

A. About twelve hundred.

Q. Did you not erect a printing-press at Jacmel, and print a number of proclamations, and is not this one of them? (shewing him one of the proclamations, in the Spanish language.)

A. Yes, and this may be one of them, but I did not know the purport of it, as I am ignorant of the Spanish language.

Q. Do you know what that word means? (pointing to the word, Madrid.)

A. It means, I presume, the capital of Old Spain.

Q. Is that all you know of it here?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you know those articles? (pointing to the warlike instruments lying upon the floor.)

A. I have seen the like before, perhaps the same.

Q. Did not those persons who went on shore, go there for the purpose of distributing these proclamations?

A. No, they went for amusement.

Q. Is not that your regimental coat?

A. I do not know; it may be the coat that I was obliged to wear.

Q. Did you understand that Miranda fitted out his expedition by the consent of your government.

A. No, he kept his object and operations concealed from the public. It was a private undertaking of his own.

Q. Were not the principal persons who embarked in Miranda's expedition, bankrupts and broken merchants?

A. I was not acquainted with their circumstances; there might be some of this description.

A number of other questions were put and answered, but being of a trifling nature, comparatively speaking, are not here inserted.

After they had finished examining the prisoner, he was then told by his judge, that if he would relate every thing he knew relating to the expedition, the names of those who were concerned in it, and those that were expected would join Miranda, his chains should be taken off, and he set at liberty, and sent home

home to America. To which he answered, that he had disclosed all he knew of consequence, or particularly recollected.

The following were questions put to another prisoner, who has also effected his return home.

Q. What religion are you of?

A. The presbyterian persuasion.

Q. Where was you born and brought up?

A. In New-York.

Q. Who engaged you to embark in Miranda's expedition?

A. One John Fink, of New York, butcher.

Q. Did you know Miranda, in New York?

A. No, I did not know him until I was six days at sea.

Q. Where was you engaged to go?

A. I was engaged to go, in the first place, to Alexandria, where I was to land, from thence I was to march to Washington, where I was to be equipped with a horse, saddle, and bridle, and in company with other persons, I was to march to New Orleans to guard the mail.

Q. Was Miranda's expedition sanctioned by your government?

A. I do not know, I did not know there was such an expedition as it afterwards proved to be.

Q. Do you know the names of any Spaniards here, whom Miranda relied upon joining him?

A. I do not.

Q Was you not occupied in Jacmel, in putting handles to pikes?

A. Yes, I was obliged to do it.

Q. Did you not bring those axes (pointing to some on the floor) for the purpose of cutting off our heads, and those shovels to bury us?

A. I never knew what use was to be made of them.

Q. Do you not think you deserve hanging?

A. No, what I did I was obliged to do, contrary to my will.

Q. Do not you think you ought rather to die than be compelled to commit a crime?

A. No, I have always understood that self-preservation was the first law of nature.

Q. Why did you not all rise and take command of the schooner, after you discovered her intention?

A. We did attempt it once but failed; we had agreed to attempt a second time, on the evening of that day we were taken.

After the examination of all the prisoners was gone through, they were again brought up the second time, when similar questions were put to them as before, and similar answers made.

The examinations were then taken by the lieutenant-governor and judges, to Caraccas, where (as was understood)

they were laid before a military court, assembled for the purpose of pronouncing judgments. They remained under their consideration for several days, before any thing was determined upon.

During which time the prisoners remained in confinement, suffering almost every deprivation, and reflecting upon what would be their doom. Some were entirely indifferent, and were willing to meet death, rather than endure their situations. Emaciated, sick, and obliged to endure filth, bad air, and unwholesome food, many were tired of life.

(To be continued.

Scripture Expressions derived from Customs.

IT was an ancient ceremony of the Jews, which yet is religiously observed amongst them, to tear their clothes in mourning and affliction. Some orientals still practice this custom, when any thing uncommonly distressful happens. The Jews make use of much ceremony upon this occasion; sometimes, they tear from the top to the bottom; and sometimes, from the bottom to the top. The rent must be of a particular length. When it is done for the loss of parents, it is never sewed; for the loss of other persons, it is sewed at the end of thirty days. This piece of religious mummery, if it is of no other value, will at least serve to explain a passage, in which Solomon, in his Proverbs, says, that "There is a time to rend, and a time to sew." Which means, there is a time for affliction, and a time for consolation. Many of the scripture-phrases, that appear unintelligible, are founded on Jewish customs.

Mr. Bruce, in his travels, observed in a cavalcade, the headdress of the governors of provinces. A large broad fillet was bound upon their forehead, and tied behind their head. In the middle of this was a horn, or a canonical piece of silver, gilt, much in the shape of our candle-extinguishers. This is called kirn, or horn, and is only worn in reviews, or public rejoicings for victory. This custom, borrowed from the Hebrews, our traveller conceives, will explain the several allusions made to it in Scripture. "I said unto fools, deal not foolishly; and to the wicked, lift not up the horn. Lift not up your horn on high; speak not with a stiff neck. But my horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of the unicorn; and the horn of the righteous shall be exalted with honour." And thus in many other places throughout the Psalms.

Description of Boscobel House and the Royal Oak.

BOSCOBEL HOUSE, rendered remarkable in English history as an asylum to King Charles II. after his defeat at Worcester, in 1651, stands on the very border of Shropshire, in the hundred of Brimstry, and nearly adjoining the county of Stafford. The end and back part of the house remain nearly in the original state, but some of the other parts have been much altered, particularly a sitting-parlour, constructed from an outbuilding, the principal entrance removed, and the area of unenclosed land in front of the house laid out with taste, as pleasure-ground. The inside of the house has likewise been much altered; but every thing relative to the king's concealment is preserved with the greatest care, and even attended to with veneration. The secret places in which the king was concealed are chiefly in and adjoining the large chimney that is shewn to all visitants; the principal place was probably that in the garret, or, as it is termed, the gallery, entered by a trap-door. From this hiding-place you may descend by a step-ladder to the next hiding-place; and from thence to a door near the bottom of the chimney, that leads to the garden, which is undoubtedly much altered, though the tumulus with a seat upon it still remains. The large wainscoted parlour is nearly in its original form; the concealing place behind the wainscot has been long stopped up; and the gloves and garters, said to have been left by the king, were lost before the present possessor came to the house.

The royal oak stands near the middle of a large field joining the garden. This tree, which is fine and thrifty, is said to have originated from an acorn of the old oak. The wall which was ruinous is rebuilt, of brick, and an inscription graven on a brass plate, of which the following is a copy:

Quercus amica Jovi.
Felicissimam hanc arborem, quam in asylum potentissimi
regis Carolii II.
Deus optimus maximus, per quem reges regnant, hic crescere
voluit, tam in perpetuam rei tantæ memoriam, quam in
specimen firmæ in regis fidei, muro cinctam
posteris commendant
BASILIUS et JANA FITZHERBERT,
Quod pietatatis monumentum jam vetustate collapsum
paternarum virtutum hæredes, et avite in principes
fidei æmulatores, in integrum
restituerunt
BASILIUS et ELIZA FITZHERBERT.
IIII. cal Junii an. hum. sal.
MDCCLXXXVII.

Answer, by a Correspondent, of Ottery, to J. Prinn's Charade, inserted the 16th of January.

WHEN KINDRED think you're going astray,
Their kind advice you should obey;
And may each female be aware,
That flattery often doth ensnare!

☞ We have received the like answer from C. Dean, of Fair Mile, near Ottery; G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton; J. Melhuish, of Honiton; W. Petherick; W. D. Champion, and H. B. of Bridgewater; J. Ball, at Evershot school; J. Woodman, of North Curry; W. B. of Taunton; G. S. of Egg Buckland; and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.

Answer, by H. B. of Bridgewater, to W. Petherick's Rebus, inserted the 23d of January.

A DOGE, if right your parts I state,
Of Venice is chief magistrate.

☞ A similar answer has been received from W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton; G. S. of Egg Buckland; J. Ball, and J. French, at Evershot school; John Melhuish, of Honiton; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; Philo Musæus, of Yeovil; W. B. of Taunton; W. Kent, near Camelford; and T. Hawker, of Camelford.

Answer, by Eliza Beal, of Shepton Mallet, to R. Trewavas's Rebus, inserted January 23.

BAPTISM was, for ages past,
An institution pure;
'Tis practis'd now, and it will last
'Till time shall be no more.

*** Similar answers have been received from G. A F. Arden, of South Petherton; J. French, and J. Ball, at Everhot school; John Melhuish, of Honiton; W. Petherick; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; H. B. and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; T. Pearse, of Chard; W. B. of Taunton; W. Kent, near Camelford; and T. Hawker, of Camelford.

A CHARADE, *by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater.*

TWO interjections, Sirs, descry,
And join them well together,
You'll find what oft in yonder sky
Appears in frosty weather.

An ENIGMA, *by W. Kent, near Camelford.*

I Am a something never seen,
Tho' oft I wait on king and queen;
But not to palaces confin'd,
Useful I am to all mankind;
Nay, bird and beast on me depend,
For when I quit them life must end.
Into your chambers oft I creep,
While on your beds you safely sleep;
To find me out take one hint more,
I sometimes kill and sometimes cure.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Elegy on the Death of the late J. Weech, Esq.

SLOWLY the setting sun withdraws its light,
Yon lofty mountain veils its smiling face;
The distant landscape fading from the sight,
In gloomy shades conceals its native grace.

Thus quickly fades the transient life of man,
How soon, alas! his feeble pow'rs decay;
A few short years compleat the narrow span,
Death's awful mandate mortals must obey.

Hail pleasing hours! to meditation dear,
Now gentle eve has spread her curtain round;
But hark! the solemn bell, methinks, I hear,
Fling to the gale a melancholy sound.

Ah fatal death! how unrestrain'd thy pow'r,
Who can avert thy unrelenting dart?
Life how precarious! quite unknown the hour
When from our friends we must be doom'd to part.

'Tis wisdom, therefore, early to be wise,
Let time mature us for the state to come;
When man from earth in ecstacy shall rise,
To live and flourish in immortal bloom.

But hark! that sound still strikes my mind with dread,
And fills my heart with reverential awe;
The farewell knell informs me WEECH is fled
To realms of bliss where joys unceasing flow.

Mem'ry his virtues shall delight to tell,
And oft for him shall flow the grateful tear;
Long shall his name in fond remembrance dwell,
A tender husband, and a friend sincere.

The peasant now will view his face no more,
Nor greet his presence at the early dawn,
(When fair aurora doth her charms restore)
Nor trace his footsteps on the dewy lawn.

No more shall he employ the cheerful swain,
To till and cultivate the barren land;‡
Nor shall the ploughman on the sterile plain,
Appear to execute his just command.

Yet will his name to them be ever dear,
He to their dwellings often brought content,
For glorious harvests, year succeeding year,
Long crown'd the labours which he daily spent.

But cease to mourn, since he resides above,
On that far distant and celestial shore,
Where

‡ This gentleman was eminently distinguished for his great improvements in agriculture.

Where seraphs dwell in everlasting love,
Extolling Him who reigns for evermore.

Tiverton. R. L.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Ode on a Birth-Day, February 28, 1809.

AGAIN, with the returning year,
We hail thy natal day:
The sun displays its glorious face,
And new-sprung flowers the meadows grace,
Daisies and snow-drops pale their early charms display.
Soon shall the golden cups unclose
Their leaves with native splendour dy'd;
The lily and the ruddy rose
Again shall bloom, the garden's pride.
Like to these flowers, so may thy joys display
A number added to by each returning day.

But see! the sky is overcast,
And hark! how howls the dreary blast!
How pours the driving rain!
Yet see the sun again appears,
(Like beauty's eyes suffus'd with tears)
And chases far away these last of winter's train.
Thus may thy sorrows ever prove,
Like transient clouds before the sun,
And joyful days and peaceful nights
Attend thee 'till thy course is run:
And be thy last sad moments bright
As the mild splendour of the setting sun
When he his daily course thro' skies serene has run.

Exeter. J. TREADWIN.

Ode to Delia, written in the Spring of the Year 1797.

By JAMES HORATIO RUDGE, *Esq.*

AGAIN returns, on genial wing,
The lover's season, gentle spring,
And hails the youthful year;
Now o'er the meads the zephyrs play,
And gently cool the burning day
With their refreshing air.

All seems, my Delia, to invite
To rural pleasure and delight,
On yonder daisy'd green;
The swains, in artless lays, complain
To Venus and her sportive train,
While evening gilds the scene.

My fair, why should we linger here,
And not to happy vales repair,
While gentle hesper reigns?
There let us seek a dark retreat,
Where trees and clasping ivy meet,
And chant our sylvan lays.